

erratic national convention at Baltimore.

Here is an extract from Shakespeare's Pericles, Act II, scene 1:
 First Fisherman: "I marvel how the fishes live in the sea."

Second Fisherman: "Why, as men do a-land; the great ones eat up the little ones. I can compare our rich misers to nothing so filthy as to a whale; a-plays and tumbles, driving the poor fry before him and at last devours them all at a mouthful. Such whales have I heard on the land, who never leave gaping, till they've swallowed the whole parish, church, steeple, bells and all."

First Fisherman: "But, Master, if I had been the sexton, I would have been that day in the belfry."

Second Fisherman: "Why, man?"

First Fisherman: "Because he should have swallowed me, too, and when I had been in his belly, I would have kept such a jingling of the bells, that he should never have left till he cast bells, steeple, church and parish up again."

Columbia (S. C.) State: Mr. Bryan struck boldly at the foremost "machine" leader in an American city and state, defined the national democratic party as an organization clean of "boss" influences and placed the democratic candidates before the country free of a string with one end held by Tammany. He struck down "boss" rule in the national democracy as Woodrow Wilson struck down the domination of "Jim" Smith in New Jersey, as Grover Cleveland struck down Tammany twenty years ago.

Those who denounce Bryan because he attacked Murphy, Ryan and Belmont should rend their garments because the democratic party goes before the country as the party of a free people.

IT WAS A FAMOUS BATTLE

Stockton (Cal.) Record: The Lion of the Platte fights supremely well. True, William J. Bryan will never be president, but he has named the next chief executive. William J. Bryan might have rested on his achievements as the great commoner, and still have shone forth conspicuously in history. But he seeks not rest; in service alone he finds satisfaction.

Sixteen years ago Bryan struck boldly, somewhat blindly, against special privilege. He thought the giant could be conquered by his 16 to 1 money doctrine. His call to battle was clarion and it was against a very real enemy. The enemy shifted and evaded every onslaught. Bryan did not stop. He went right on—consistently, unvaryingly and everlastingly voicing the demand of popular rights against special privilege.

For sixteen years Bryan has fought the good fight. Long misunderstood, it was not until the people themselves had their understanding of public issues quickened that William J. Bryan came into that measure of public respect and admiration which his services merited. Now, after the test of years, Bryan's influence in the Baltimore convention was strong enough to name the man—Woodrow Wilson, who is to enter the White House to carry out what in a very large measure will be Bryan policies.

Rising in a convention that had been organized against him, facing the Tammany bosses and the plutocrats of Wall street, Bryan cast his lance full and fair in their faces. He called upon the convention to disavow their presence and influence. There was no stampede, but on every subsequent ballot the figure of that Nebraska man, fell across the assemblage. Slowly, surely and rightly, his pronouncement sunk into the hearts of the delegates—just as his

championship of popular rights filtered into the minds of the people.

No big man dared to stand before Bryan in fair battle. Small fellows shook their fists in impotent rage at him. Then came the result—the forty-sixth ballot—when entire state delegations clamored to vote for the man Bryan voted for. The man who had named the man of the hour sat smilingly watching the tumult of victory. Perhaps in that hour William J. Bryan's honorable ambition to enter the White House faded from his view. Perhaps there was a twinge of fleeting sorrow. But quickly the cause—his supreme motive—flooded his mind with the music of a victor's march. To his great mind and clear heart there came a vision of that page in history which shall declare to all succeeding generations that William Jennings Bryan, during a long and busy life, wrought mightily for his country's weal.

MR. BRYAN'S PART

Denver News: Through the enthusiasm that attends Woodrow Wilson's victory for clear-cut progressivism, there runs a certain very definite note of sadness for every true democrat. There is no minimization of Governor Wilson's importance in the assertion that the triumph was William J. Bryan's—there is no depreciation of the valiant services of individuals in the flat declaration that to Mr. Bryan is due the present impregnable position of the democracy—they are too true for dissent.

It is out of the fight that he waged almost single-handed in Baltimore that Woodrow Wilson emerges as a victor, just as it is out of his three desperate campaigns that the progressive movement has taken shape and aspect of certain triumph. Where he has sown others will reap, and it is from his shoulders that the democratic candidate will leap into the presidential chair.

Comfort lies in the fact that it was of his own choosing and doing, and that in relinquishing a deserved reward he has niched himself irremovably in the hearts of the people. When he made that fight upon Alton B. Parker, Mr. Bryan voluntarily surrendered his own ambitions in the interest of the cause in which he has fought for sixteen years.

In order that the white light of public opinion be brought into play, Mr. Bryan precipitated the division between the forces of reaction and progressivism and tore down the concealments that had been erected with such care and cunning. He carried the fight into the open, and by so doing he earned the enmity and hatred of those who were counting upon the cover of special privilege's bushes.

It was necessary—imperatively necessary—and there was no one to discharge that duty to the people but William J. Bryan. Some, perhaps, had the inclination, some the courage, some the ability, and others the skill and strategy, but only in the great Nebraskan were these qualities joined harmoniously and effectively. He knew that it meant his own elimination from presidential consideration, but without hesitancy he drew his sharp dividing line between the people's friends and the people's enemies, following it up by terrific assault upon those bosses who were so ready to treat with him had he come with an olive branch in his hand.

Arnold von Winklerried lives in history by virtue of that dauntless moment when he gathered the Austrian pikes in his breast, and opened a way for the successful assault of the Swiss patriots. Is not this what Mr. Bryan did at Baltimore?

History lets us know of few finer things than this one-man fight against the overwhelming forces of organized greed and entrenched cor-

ruption, for from opening gun to final shot it defies cavil. His footing was the quicksands of men's moods, his weapons nothing more than the invincible courage that comes from purity of purpose, while all about him played the swords of hatred, criticism, misrepresentation, distortion and misunderstanding, eager for an opening.

But while admiration waits upon his superb exhibition of master-fighting, devotion itself attends the deeper significances of the battle that Mr. Bryan waged. He has given the nation an illustration of that unalloyed patriotism that puts public service above ambition, principle above personal desires, and truth above friendship; and in the giving he has heartened a discouraged people, and fired a great movement with the enthusiasm that spells ultimate victory.

Many will regret that Mr. Bryan is not the democratic nominee in this year of republican division, and yet is it not true that out of his sacrifice he has raised himself to a height that few presidents attain?

Seattle (Wash.) Times: William Jennings Bryan is today one of a very few of the most conspicuous Americans living in the great republic. He ranks with the leading statesmen of the country—is the peer of the president of the United States himself, and a wonderful citizen.

MR. BRYAN AT BALTIMORE

To the editor of the New York World: I heartily congratulate you upon your forceful and convincing editorials on the issues and events at the Baltimore convention. They were potent factors in effecting the nomination of Governor Wilson. I only regret that you can not be altogether fair to Bryan. Boiled down, your editorial in today's issue amounts to this: Bryan was something of a hero at Baltimore, but at heart he is and always has been a sneak. When you undertake to praise a man as deserving of it as Bryan, why not do so unqualifiedly—giving him his full meed of praise? Few men in this country measure up to the lofty moral and political standard of Bryan.

For your favors to me, I thank you. I am of the opinion, justified by my recent experience, that "The People's Forum" is chiefly a medium whereby men with gouches give vent to their pent-up feelings, and that their communications are never read.
 ORLANDO B. BATTEN.
 New York, July 3.

WATTERSON ON BRYAN

Detroit News: Although this is an hour of triumph for popular sentiment, there are hearts that bleed, eyes that are blinded with unavailing tears, and voices that wail brokenly. The victorious masses should not jibe at these evidences of keen distress; rather they should remember that gallant sentiment of Rear Admiral Phillip expressed at Santiago as the shattered hulks of four Spanish cruisers heeled to the storm of steel and slowly sank—"Don't cheer, boys, the poor fellows are dying." The first lamentation issues from "Marse Watterson," who, in spite of his literary pessimism, is sound and cheery at heart and who, like a seasick voyager, always feels better when he gets rid of the load on his stomach. He compares Mr. Bryan with Tartuffe, Pecksniff and Chadband, in the same spirit that he deplored his discovery that after all Woodrow Wilson is only a school-master. His opinion of Mr. Bryan has not taken definite shape, but here is his state of mind:

"How shall we classify and what shall be the measure of detestation

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